

7-2000

The Devil Goes To Church With Me: Light Verse By Bettye Mills Jenkins

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Recommended Citation

(2000) "The Devil Goes To Church With Me: Light Verse By Bettye Mills Jenkins," *Jackson Purchase Historical Society*. Vol. 27 : No. 1 , Article 7.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/jphs/vol27/iss1/7>

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"John, you forgot your change."

John peeked around the door frame and said, "Oh, that's all right, Judge. You keep it. I may want to run around the square again 'fore I go home."

Later in the afternoon, some residents along the Mayfield road saw a team of mules pulling two wagons, and there was John sitting in the second wagon, still draped in his harness, singing at the top of his lungs.

LIGHT VERSE BY BETTYE MILLS JENKINS

THE DEVIL GOES TO CHURCH WITH ME

The devil goes to church with me. He sits right by my side.
He helps me hold the songbook; he doesn't try to hide.
He makes the coffee perking smell drift by me in the air.
It takes all my strength to keep on sitting there.
He makes the seat get harder and hurt me in the back.
He makes the pains and twinges feel like sitting on a tack.
The preacher's voice is even. It then begins to drone.
And all that I can think is: When will I get home?

When I die and go to heaven and knock at the Pearly Gate,
St. Peter will come and open it just after a little wait.
I'll hold up my attendance card with the golden stars in view.
He'll shake his head and say, "Devil's chance is as good as
yours."